

established. Mesdemoiselles Contat and Mole were delightful in the *Celibataire*. The vulgarity of appearance in the audience and the gloominess of the house were shocking; men and women *pile-môle* in the boxes and in hats; some of the men in boots and great-coats. They still retained enough of old politeness to take off their hats, unless in the back seats. Indeed, upon enquiry, I found that most of them were of the privileged class.

The pit was full of the dirtiest of the dirty; horrid black-looking creatures. The decorations are bad, and one hears but poorly.

As I went in, a fellow was hawking about a tragedy of the death of Louis XVI. I perceived that the audience applauded whenever a passage in the play seemed to allude to terrorism or imprisonment.

My man passed the night in the guard-house, for being out without his passport and speaking English.

I dined to-day at Monsieur Formalague's, once a clerk to Boyd, with some noted people, viz., Mathieu Languinais, Roederer, late a

Counsellor
of Metz, editor of "Historien,"
Bourgoign, author
of the "Essay on Spain," &c. They
talked away,
as Frenchmen always did; morals,
philosophy,

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